Numb. 44.

Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Dat veniam Corvis, vexat cenſura Columbas.

Proverb'd in Engliſh Proſe thus:

Some man had better ſteal an Horſe than another look over the Hedg: *Or*, Ask my Fellow whether I am a Thief: *Or*, Intereſt cannot lie.

In Meter thus.

Where Power and Faction bear the Sway
Each Dog is ſure to have his Day.
When Loyalty once becomes a Crime
No Saint a Ladder wants to climb.
The Devout Cheat turns Wrong to Right,
Makes Turtles Black and Ravens White.
—Tell me, ye men of Bedlam, would you grudg
To put your lives at Stake,
Or would it make your hearts to ake
If Oliver's *Wiſe Porter were your Judg?*

Tueſday, November the 29. 1681.

Jeſt. GOod morrow Brother *Earneſt*, how think you of Affairs now?

Earn. I was juſt now thinking of Mr. *Osborn*'s words, That there is a great deal of wiſdom in the Proverbs of every Country, and among the reſt I had a particular reſpect to the old Rhime.

He that once a good name gets,
May piſs abed and ſay he ſweats.

I have for a long time been of opinion, that overturning the Government, putting a Force upon the King, *&c.* were Treaſon; and that if any man could be proved by but two credible Witneſſes, to have had deſigns tending that way, he might at leaſt be put upon his Trial by his Peers; but belike I was out, or elſe ſome-body has met with good Friends.

Jeſt. Now you ſhew your Envy, becauſe this Patriot is declared before all the world and to the ſatisfaction of all true Proteſtants, to be clear of what was charged upon him.

Earn. Troth Brother you are miſtaken through and through, you know I am never envious at the Acquittal of any honeſt man; and for the innocence of the perſon you mean, as I cannot undertake for it, ſo neither has this *Ignoramus* Declaration, as you call it, convinc'd or contributed any thing towards the Conviction of any ſober man from the ſuſpicions he had before *Thurſday* laſt. The waſhing of a Black-a-moor white may for ever be the Hieroglyphick of the Labour in vain.

Jeſt. Soft and fair; if the Declaration of a Grand-Jury, after ſtrict examination made, and due deliberation had, cannot convince the world of the guiltleſneſs of any man, what can?

Earn. Nothing can but a Trial by his Peers that I know of. What though a certain number of men *Ordain'd*, or according to late Expoſitors, *Diſpoſed* to underſtand a matter one way, be of this opinion; if it be eaſier to find a greater number of men every way

way as honeſt and conſiderable, and, which is more than all, perfectly unbiaſs'd and conſequently the moſt competent Judges, who ſhall determine another way, however the Law may ſometimes turn the Scale, yet the minds of men will ſtill remain in *æquilibrio*, and they'l ſuſpend their judgments till true arguments put a force upon them.

Jeſt. You are ſo ſerious now, I'le tell you a ſtory, which though it be *de trivio ſumpta*, yet perhaps looks like what you would be at. My old friend *Scoggin* and his friend *Ramus* purpoſing to put a trick upon an Iriſh Drover, as he was bringing his Sheep to *London*, *Scoggin* bids *Ramus* come on at a diſtance, whilſt he goes to the Drover and asks the price of his Hogs; the Drover told him they were Sheep, which *Scoggin* denied, and laying a wager upon it, the poor Fellow would be tried by the next man that paſt by, who according to appointment was *Ramus*. The Queſtion being put, Arguments heard, and due deliberation had, *Ramus*, partly becauſe he was an Iriſh-man, and partly for another reaſon, gave it on *Scoggins* ſide, and the Iriſh-man was caſt according to his bargain, which was Law to him, and he departed (as the Story ſays) marvelling at the judgment which was given againſt him.

Earn. And marvel he might well, not knowing the reaſons had againſt his Evidence. But now we talk of Evidence, prethee what will become of our Indictment?

Jeſt. Never fear now, if ſuch great ones ſcape the hands of Juſtice, we ſhall ſlip through its fingers.

Earn. You don't underſtand your own caſe. Our Bill is found already without Evidence.

Jeſt. How can that be? are not we Engliſhmen?

Earn. Yes that we are: but don't you remember an old Cuckoldly Roman (and from them the Whigs love to take examples, becauſe 'twas a Commonwealth) that uſed to ſay to men that came to his Wife about buſineſs, *I don't ſhut my eyes for every body*. Alas man! *Ignoramus* is not every honeſt man's lot.

Jeſt. Well, no man can make defence till he know what his Charge is, What are we Indicted for?

Earn. 'Twill be too long I fear to tell you all, but firſt, "That not having the fear of God before "our eyes, but being moved and ſeduced by the "inſtigation of the Devil, and feloniouſly and "maliciouſly contriving and intending to diſturb "the Peace, and common Tranquility of this Realm "of *England*, and to raiſe and move diſſentions "and Differences between the Proteſtant Subjects "of our Lord the King, and to ſuppreſs——

Jeſt. For Gods ſake before you go any further anſwer me two Queſtions; Will they Swear all this? or is it only formality?

Earn. Meer formality! and ſo is *Juratores ſuper Sacramentum ſuum*, though if theſe formalities were now and then attended to, it might be better. But to come to the matter. I'le give you only one or two Articles, the firſt contains *hæ fictæ, falſæ, malitioſæ & ſcandaloſæ ſententiæ, ſequentes, viz.* *Jeſt.* "But what is the preſent Grievance? *Earn.* "O they are under a deep affliction, and all in "mourning for the death of the Lady *Arbitrary*, "and make the ſaddeſt lamentation that ever you "heard, becauſe they muſt be governed by Laws, "and live under Laws, and be obedient to Laws. "All the ten Perſecutions were but a flea-biting in "compariſon of this ſubjection to Laws.

Jeſt. And this, you ſay, is the firſt Article. Methinks any man might have ſaid all this without the help of the Devil. Pray let's hear the next.

Earn. The next contains again *hæ fict. falſ. malitioſ. & ſcandaloſ. ſentent. viz.* "*Jeſt.* I thought "there was ſomething in it as the fellow ſaid when "he drank the Diſh-clout. Jack-Pudding would "never have ſuch a crowd about him if it were "not that he is ſo exquiſite in the art of Gerning "and Antick. But to the work of the day. *Earn.* "Ay, come, what ſay Captain Elephants Troo-"pers and the *Alderſgate* Voluntiers, now they are "Disbanded? *Jeſt.* Why they *look* too. *Earn.* "How do they look? *Jeſt.* Like St. *George* on "Foot-back.

Jeſt. Is there any thing in this againſt the Kings Crown and Dignity?

Earn. O Sir, this is the worſt of the two. For firſt the Houſewifry of the Nation is reflected upon through the ſides of the Diſh-clout. Then here is Jack-Pudding expoſed, who (though they have of late had more gawdy Shews) is yet the ſtanding entertainment of the Kings Subjects in *Weſt-Smithfield*, a place never to be forgotten for Queen *Mary*'s ſake. Next the grave Band of Citizens that went to *Oxford* to make a ſhow are ſaid to *look* amiſs, which is an affront to the Kings meaneſt Subject: and laſt of all St. *George* the Tutelar Saint of the Nation is diſmounted, which muſt needs give great encouragement to St. *Denys* and the French King. In the whole there is this gradation, firſt the good Women, then the half-witted men that entertain and are entertained in *Smithfield*, next the Sober Party, and laſt of all (God bleſs us) our own Saint *George*, are affronted. And what honeſt men could paſs by ſuch wrongs, when they had power to right the ſeveral Parties?

Jeſt. Well you may talk what you pleaſe. If this be the worſt, my fright's over. This is like the Action of Battery, where the Plaintiff ſets forth her being aſſaulted with Cannons, Piſtols, Swords and Pins, and at laſt proves nothing but that ſhe was prick'd.

Earn. O fie, O fie, you muſt not compare a number of grave Whigs to a Woman with a Pin in her breech: this may be matter for a ſecond Indictment.

Jeſt. That's true; then let's make an end of one firſt. Pray go on.

Earn. No, I have ſtaid too long, and the next Article is ſomewhat tedious, therefore we'l let it alone till another opportunity.

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